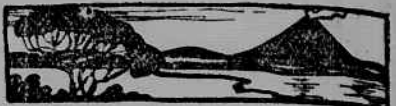




# Around the World and Back Again



## A Loiterer In New York

**H**ELEN W. HENDERSON, in her book with the above title, published by George H. Doran, advises the stranger, no matter what the cost in time or inconvenience, to arrive in New York by way of the water, so as not to sacrifice "the supreme and indelible impression of a city rising from the sea." And then, with a wealth of enthusiasm which must surely warm the heart of every loyal New Yorker, she proceeds to paint in words her own "indelible impression":

"The vision thus comes with surprise and splendor. Mirage-like in the offing, its white towers detach themselves only partially from the background of bright skies, each detail coming gradually out until the essence of the thing which is New York is there before you with its largest suggestion. Through that vivid clearness of atmosphere the impending city looms—a bristling promontory, pointing its tall, sharp end, inconceivably planted with incredible masses of prodigious feats of stone-faced ironmongery, into the very eye of the spectator.

"To the excitement of the moment of realization every great and small thing contributes. There is no laziness in a prospect where the chief end of life seems to be transportation, expressed in the restless, feverish desire of every craft afloat to get quickly somewhere else; this sensation of hurry and flurry augmented by the wind and the tide, animated by the same desire for displacement and unrest. All this is carried on with the fine unconsciousness that bespeaks the metropolis. The tugs, the ferries, the minor craft, the ships, bent on their separate ways, independent of men and action, yet taking one another into account, accepting jostlings and delays amiably with a philosophy born of lifelong dealings with crowds.

"The city, deposited at the water's edge, comes with sudden revelation, yielding at first glance its salient features. Individual buildings rise to fantastic heights above the compact pile, giving lightness and variety to the aerial line. The smoke which curls about their towers mingles with the clouds. Everything is in excess. League-long bridges fling themselves in abandonment across turbulent tidal rivers—great arms that span vast spaces with hands that grasp, and hold to the parent island, those newly acquired boroughs now proud to count themselves technically part of the great city.

"Like some gigantic puss-wants-a-corner game worked out beyond all hope of joy for the performer, these bridges contribute to that same insatiable desire for change that animates the river craft, their immeasurable lengths traversed by ceaseless belts of concatenated cars condemned to a sort of treadmill destiny staggering in its magnitude.

"In all weathers, in all seasons, at all times of day or night, the island, from whatever point of observation, is a thing of wonder and delight. In the early morning it shines and glistens in the dazzling sun; its walls giving back white effulgence, in marvellous contrast to the blueness of an habitually cloudless sky and the deeper note of constantly agitated waters.

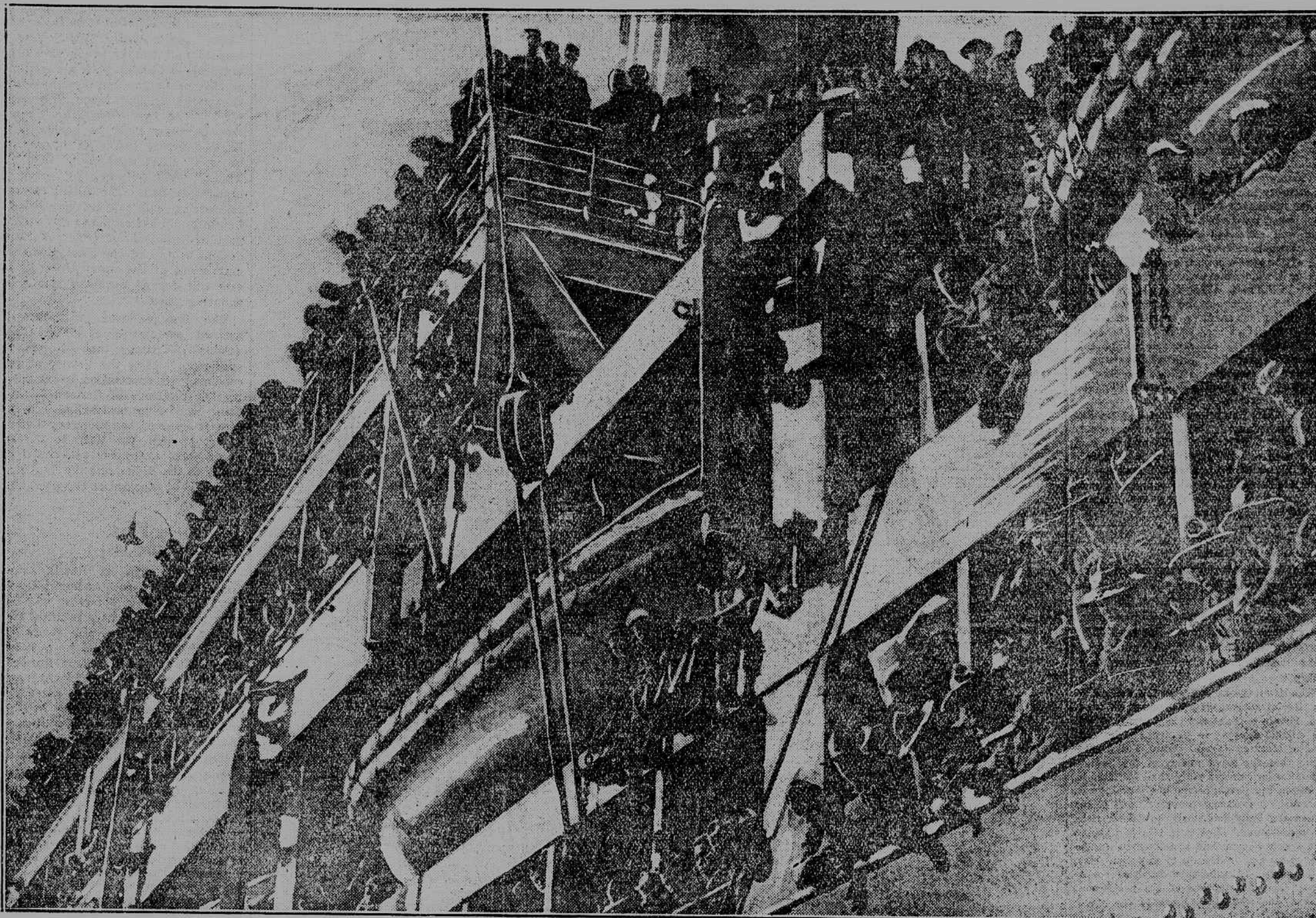
"In the late afternoon the thousand windows reflect the fire of the setting sun, its colorful afterglow, and the island seems ablaze; while at dusk the whole becomes enveloped in a soft, Whistlerian haze, through which the lights in the office towers sparkle like stars. The rushing, crowded ferries and busy steam tugs, that all day have stirred the restless waters, begin a more rhythmic action, and make black accents in the sapphire blue of the rivers, disappearing into shadowy docks, disgorging their heavy loads, floating out again—vast platforms of shifting humanity.

"Gradually mellowing, the scene at night is most significant of all. Then the towering mass of the island deepens to a rich silhouette against the sky, luminous with the city glow. The lower end is deserted, and looms mysterious and awful in its empty vastness."

**M**ISS HENDERSON goes into the very earliest history of New York, and from there on records the successive and never-ending transformations, each of which, in spite of the complexity of the city, has left its telling impression in the strata. In behalf of the eternal process of destruction and reconstruction, she says:

"The only way to be comfortable in New York is to accept transition as its ruling characteristic; neither to mourn the destruction of old landmarks nor to rail against the existing unsightly. Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse, was never more truly said of human life than of this city, where things break, fall and are forgotten with staggering brevity. Not only does nothing last, nothing is intended to last; and this has been true ever since the Dutch merchants built Fort Manhattan of wood, and as rapidly as possible, 'because the traders did not intend to live in it a great while.' The same thing, in effect, might be said today of the skyscraper, built as a seven days' wonder, with no thought of longevity. Long before it begins to disintegrate it will have to be thrown down like the card house it so resembles to make room for the latest thing in architecture. Manhattan Island for three hundred years has been the architect's and builder's experiment station, where failures or successes—all are destroyed in time."

## A Quarter of a Million a Month!



## The Case of A Little Brother

**T**HE value of American friendship to a small country has been admirably illustrated by the prosperity of the Philippine Islands, particularly since the war began. Trade such as that country has never known before is making the island treasury bulge with cash, according to "The Minneapolis Tribune," which points out:

"The Philippines are prosperous as never before because of trade conditions created by the war. They are adding rapidly to their wealth, but they are not selfishly holding aloof from participation in the great struggle for democracy and liberty. America's cause they make their own. They buy Liberty bonds, contribute to the Red Cross and furnish a considerable number of fighting men. All these things they have done of their own wish, thereby letting the world know that they set a high value on what the United States government has done for them since it freed them from the Spanish yoke.

"The island treasury is bulging with cash. Money circulation is expanding rapidly. Internal revenue collections for the first quarter of 1918 were 34 per cent larger than those of the same period in 1917. The so-called 'business tax' increased 70 per cent, indicating an actual increase in business of 133,000,000 pesos. A big growth of educational collections points to the possession of more money by the masses.

"Export increases are in values rather than in commodity quantities. That means the Filipinos are garnering great wealth with practically the same effort. Export trade is chiefly in hemp, coconut oil, kelp, tobacco, copra, sugar, cigars, rice and embroidery, 68 per cent of it with the United States. Sixty-three per cent of the import business is with this country. Agriculture is on a richly paying basis, which means that such commercial centres as Manila are booming.

"The Philippines are a good object lesson of what it means for a small country to have the friendship and protection of the United States in either peace or war time."

### Only Once a Year

**C**OMPROMISE where political and religious antagonisms are concerned is evidently possible even in Belfast, according to the testimony of a recent visitor to that town. One day she had occasion to call at a house where a woman of the Roman Catholic faith had married a Protestant husband. On one side of the mantelpiece was a bust of the Pope, on the other a bust of William of Orange. "I suppose you find it very difficult to agree at times?" inquired the visitor. "No," was the ready reply; "we only differ once a year, on the Boyne anniversary, when my husband comes home drunk and smashes my bust of the Pope." "Then I suppose you return the compliment by smashing his William of Orange?" "Not at all—I put it in pawn and buy another bust of the Pope with the money," was the unexpected answer. —Manchester Guardian.

### The Wettest Place in The World

**A** WRITER in "The Shreveport Times" has discovered a spot where umbrellas are held at a premium. He says:

"The reputation of being the rainiest place in the world has long been enjoyed by the hill station Cherrapunji, on the slope of the Himalayas, in Assam. The latest official value, based on a forty-year record at the Cherrapunji station, is 626 inches per annum. Blanford, the well known authority on Indian meteorology, thought that the mean in some places at Cherrapunji exceeded 500 inches, but nowhere amounted to 600 inches. As far as actual records go the rainfall at the Indian station is surpassed by that recently reported by D. H. Campbell, of Stanford University, at Waialeale, in the Island of Kauai, Hawaii. During the years 1912-16, inclusive, the Hawaiian station, which is 5,075 feet above sea level, recorded the astonishing mean annual rainfall of 518 inches, or more than forty-three feet."

### New Nations and Would-Be Nations

Arabs  
Armenians  
Circassians  
Cossacks  
Czecho-Slovaks  
Danes of Schleswig  
Egyptians  
Esthonians  
Finns (and Karelians)  
French of Alsace-Lorraine  
Georgians  
Irish  
Jews (Zionists)  
Jugoslavs (Serbs and Croats)  
Lapps  
Letts  
Lithuanians  
Poles  
Russians of Archangel and Vologda  
Siberian Russians (and Siberian natives of many tribes)  
Slovenes  
Syrians  
Tatars (and Tauridians)  
Ukrainians (and Ruthenians)  
White Russians  
—The Independent

## Where Turgenev Did Some Early Work

**T**HE estate of Ivan Turgenev, which is reported to have been sacked by Russian peasants, lies in the low, marshy country of the government State of Toula. Some of the writer's early work was produced there, though toward the end of his life Turgenev spent the greater part of his time in Baden-Baden or Paris and scarcely visited Russia. The influence of his home, with its beautiful, prosperous estates and hard-driven peasantry, was never quite forgotten by him, and toward the muzhiks especially—the parents, probably, of those who have just wrecked his property—he had always an active sympathy. The neighboring capital town of Toula, set in the midst of

agricultural lands, was given a gun factory by the Czar Boris Godunov, and still devotes itself to the making of army rifles. —Manchester Guardian.

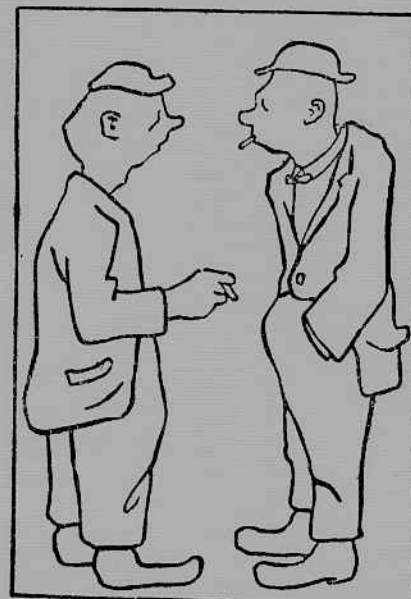
A traveller having remarked to an Arab that he wondered at his eating anything so revolting as locusts, the Arab replied, with some heat, that nothing ought to surprise a person who could swallow an oyster. —Gas Logic.

There are now 200 women in the rural mail service and the Postoffice Department is asking for more. —From The Woman Citizen.

## How to Make a Hun Behave

**W**ITH the assistance of skilful, patriotic artists, a statue of "Germania," which has long occupied a niche in a Cincinnati business block, has been transformed into "Miss Columbia." One of the first steps in this novel change of character was to cut off Germania's head ruthlessly and substitute a head the face of which expressed good will instead of

imperiousness. The Teutonic armor was also obliterated and an American eagle and flowing draperies were substituted. On the shield that once bore the German eagle now appears the Stars and Stripes, while on Columbia's head is an ornate set with stars. One part of the figure that was untouched was the outstretched arm. —Popular Mechanics.



Horse Flesh

First German—"Since this war began we have bought for ourselves a horse!"

Second German—"How did you?"

First German—"Oh! By the pound!"

—From Nebelspatter.

### The Lay of Female Fitters

From A to Z, from Z to A,  
This is the Female Fitters' lay.  
A is for Aeroplanes, little and big,  
B stands for Bending, with hammer and jig.  
C is the Caps that we all hate to wear—  
D is for Drills—I have broken my share.  
E's Electricity, making things hum—  
F is for Female—called "lady" by some—  
G is the Grumblers, of whom we've no lack—  
H is the Huns we are helping to whack.  
I is the Industry shown by us all.  
J's for the Jobs—there's not one but will pall.  
K stands for Kasein, with horrible smell,  
L is for Laborer—Lunch-time as well.  
M is the Metal we cut up and file.  
N is the Noise we make—frankly, it's vile.  
O is for Overtime—most of us stop.  
P is to Punch, or, colloquially, "pop."  
Q is the Queer things that some of us do.  
R's for the Rumors that seldom are true.  
S is the Scamper at sound of the bell.  
T's for the Tools that we handle so well.  
U is our Usefulness—truly, it's great!  
V's for the Visitors coming in state.  
W's Windows we quarrel about—  
X is the Xcellent work we turn out.  
Y—(Yes, You're right—this is positive rot!)  
Z is the Zeal that we have—or have not.  
From Z to A, from A to Z,  
The F. F.'s lay is finished.  
—From The London Aeroplane.

### Shall We Let the Movies Have Kant?

**A** THEATRICAL journal announces that shortly there will be produced a "dramatized version of Darwin's 'The Origin of Species.'" The cast is not mentioned. We may now expect an arrangement for the stage of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Or perhaps that could be better adapted to the cinema. —Manchester Guardian.

Uncle Sam's training camps are filled with men from every section of the United States—foreigners who cannot speak English, backwoodsmen who can neither read nor write, negroes who have worked since they were small boys, and men from the country's finest colleges and universities.

In one company from the Virginia hills thirty of the one hundred and fifty men could neither read nor write; one had never seen an electric light or a trolley car. —From World Outlook.

### Pierrot Goes

**U**P AMONG the chimneys tall  
Lay the garret of Pierrot.  
Here came trooping at his call  
Fancies no one else might know;  
Here he bade the spiders spin  
Webs to hide his treasures in.

Here he heard the night wind croon  
Slumber songs for sleepheads;  
Here he spied the spendthrift moon  
Strew her silver on the leads;  
Here he wove a coronet  
Of quaint lyrics for Pierrette.

But the bugles blew him down  
To the fields with war beset;  
Marched him past the quiet town,  
Past the window of Pierrette;  
Comrade now of sword and lance,  
Pierrot gave his dreams to France.  
—Charlotte Becker, in Everybody's.

## The Medals We Pin On Our Heroes



Extending from left to right, the United States military decorations reproduced above are designated as the Medal of Honor; the Distinguished Service Cross, second issue; the Distinguished Service Medal and the Distinguished Service Cross, discontinued issue.

**I**N "Popular Mechanics" it is to be found a paragraph on American war decorations designed for presentation in cases of highest valor and service. It is accompanied by an illustration which is here reproduced. The writer says:

"America's war service decorations, consisting of the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Distinguished Service Medal, are shown in the accompanying illustrations. The latter two are the new decorations announced by the War Department and reported in this magazine a short time ago. The Medal of Honor, a star of five points encircled by a wreath of laurel and bearing in relief the head of Minerva, is conferred by the President in the name of Congress. The first issue of the Distinguished Service Cross was ornamented with oak leaves. This has been redesigned and a plainer decoration provided, as is explained by the photographs. The Distinguished Service Medal ranks third in importance, and, like the cross, is cast in bronze."